

THE MAINE FARMER: AN

AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY

NEWSPAPER.

The Maine Farmer

Augusta, Saturday, June 4, 1870.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.
\$2.00 in advance, or \$2.50 if paid within three months of the date of Subscription.

These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.

All payments made by subscribers to the Farmer will be credit ed in accordance with our new mailing method. The printed date upon the paper, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

No subscriber desiring to change the post office address of his paper must communicate it to us the name of the office to which it has previously been sent, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.

Mr. J. T. Nott is now in Hancock County.

Mr. D. V. Davis is now canvassing in Penobscot County.

Mr. E. L. Smith is now canvassing Androscoggin County for the

Farmer.

The Latest Fenian Fizzle.

We can imagine nothing more absurd and ridiculous than the late attempts of the Fenians in their invasion of Canada. The professed object of the Fenian Brotherhood is the liberation of Ireland, from the most oppressive rule of England. If their measures were guided by sensible and honest men, they would readily serve all their forces for the grand struggle which they propose to be, is to come on the soil of the Emerald Isle, where they would receive the support of the population they claim to liberate, instead of attempting to conquer a vast, thinly populated country like Canada, whose connection with the oppression of Ireland is exceedingly remote, and whose population is bitterly opposed to them and their plans. Even were the scheme of invading Canada practicable, the possession of such a prize would keep the Fenians busy, and effectively prevent their rendering any assistance to their brethren in Ireland. It is difficult to believe that the Fenian leaders who planned and participated in the late movement seriously thought of accomplishing anything of importance in a military or political point of view. Such a movement involves the use of large sums of money, and when a termination is reached so suddenly as in the case of the late raid, there is the best possible chance for the leaders to line their pockets with the contributions of the rank and file of the Brotherhood. There are various circumstances who have carried the good news of Salvation to the farthest ends of the earth.

FIRST LOOK AT THE JUNE MAGAZINES. We note a few of the more important contributions to the American Magazines for June. Harper gives five illustrated articles—the engravings being better done than any that have ever before appeared in this magazine.

"The Mysteries of a Thunder Shower," and "The Hot Currents of the Atlantic," will be found the most interesting of the illustrated papers. "The Running Turf in America," the first of a series, will interest sportsmen; while the editor's "Scientific Record," will be found the most useful portion of the number. The "Drawer" contains several good things from Maine correspondents especially the story about President Woods, and the Bangor correspondent's anecdote of the colloquial Judge.—In *Lippincott's* there is a delightful piece of gossip about "Book Makers as Book Lovers" which will interest every genuine book lover (not your reading men) and make him anxious to learn what the author has to say about continental collectors. "Our Judiciary" is a strong article, worthy of careful reading. Troop's new novel is continued.—The *Atlantic* presents little that is fresh or attractive, the initial of Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Fireside Stories," about the *Ghost in the Mill*, being, perhaps, as good as anything in the number. The "Correspondence of Napoleon Bonaparte" is a hackneyed subject, and was far better conducted by a writer in the old series of *Pulman's Monthly*. Mr. H. T. Tuckerman writes a long essay on William Hazlitt, which will of course have but a limited reading; and the McFarland tract furnishes the subject for a paper on the "Logic of Marriage and Murder," by Henry James. "In June" is a subject of a pretty note by Nora Perry. The Literary Notices which close the numbers, are far more numerous than usual.—Of the fourteen articles in *Pulman's Monthly*, four are by women, and, believe us, they are among the most sensible contributions in the number; as witness "Dinner vs. Rothes and Tuks," in which the writer puts in an earnest plea against the spending of precious time in making useless and tucks which add nothing to the use or beauty of the garment. Oh! for more simplicity and plainness to women's dress. "On Time" is an advertisement for the American Watch Company, readable enough in its way, but we believe this method of advertising should be discredited by every magazine of high character in the country. The "Editorial Notes" in this number will be found and suggestive.—From cover to cover *Old and New* will bear careful reading. The articles are so brief as not to be wearisome, and those who are respecting the safety and welfare of their dear ones will be sure to find in them the best advice and consolation.

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If we hope the suggestion of Rev. Mr. Moon in his address during the Memorial Services on Sunday last, that some fitting monument should be raised in this city to the memory of the brave men who went out from among us and offered up their lives in patriotic sacrifice upon the altar of their country, will receive the attention it deserves from our people. It would seem eminently fitting that a commemorative monument, should be erected at the capital of the State, and that the surviving comrades of our fallen heroes, and all others who are respecting the safety of their brave deeds and patriotic devotion, in a permanent, reunited and regenerated country, should unite in thus doing honor to their memory.

The character and cost of such a monument would of course be determined by the degree of liberality extended to the movement by our citizens, but it is to be hoped that nothing unworthy of the grand and sacred object will be projected and that the required contributions will be generously and promptly pledged for the purpose. The location of the monument, will be of course a matter to be judiciously determined upon mature consideration, but it strikes us no more eligible spot could be selected than the triangular plot of ground which makes the junction of State and Grove streets. The space is sufficient for the purpose and the well-known public spirit and liberality of the proprietors of the ground is a sufficient assurance that it could be obtained for the purpose on advantageous terms. Let the movement be inaugurated immediately.

THE Homeopathic Medical Society held its annual meeting in this city last week. The following officers were chosen: Dr. W. L. Thompson, President; Dr. G. H. Palster, Vice President; Dr. S. B. Clark, Corresponding Secretary; Dr. J. B. Bell, Treasurer; Dr. M. R. Palster, Dr. P. Graves, J. M. Blaisdell, A. C. Coopers, T. L. Bradford, G. M. C.

During the session, Dr. Clark of Portland, presented the history of a case of malignant scrotal fever.

Dr. Bell of Augusta, Chairman of the Committee on Surgery, then read a report of a case of amputation of the thigh, and one of removal of an ovarian tumor, both successful.

Dr. Thompson of Augusta described an operation for hare-lip, in which the deformity was much lessened.

Dr. Clark of Portland, read a case of operation for strangulated hernia, in which the patient died.

Dr. Hon. James G. Blaine and B. P. Shillaber, Esq., have been invited, the first named gentleman to leave the address, and the latter the poem, at the joint convention of the Maine and New Hampshire Editors and Publishers' Association to be held at Rye Hotel, N. H., on the 28th and 29th of July next. It is apprehended that Mr. Blaine's duties at Washington, the adjournment of Congress being unexpected fixed at a later day than the joint meeting of the Associations, may prevent his being present, and we learn also that the health of Shillaber is such as to make his acceptance of the invitation a matter of considerable doubt.

EDWARD CONY, Esq., a younger brother of Ex-Gov Cony, a resident of California, for the last eight years, arrived in this city on Saturday last. Although a sufferer for several years from a severe rheumatic affection, his general health is excellent, and his many old friends will find him the same genial, hearty and entertaining gentleman of former years. We are glad to know that he proposed to make Augustus his future home.

THE new safe of the Granite Bank, manufactured by the American Steam Safe Co., Boston, arrived in this city last week, and has been placed in the vaults of their new banking room. It is an elegant piece of work, thoroughly fire and burglar proof, and reflects credit upon the workmanship and good taste of the Company.

CORRECTION. An error appeared in the advertisement of Mr. Geo. M. Robison of this city, which appeared in our last issue. The terms of Mr. Robison's fine horse "Ajax," were stated as being \$5, \$10, and \$20, respectively. They are \$10, \$15, and \$20. We make this correction in justice to Mr. Robison, the error having occurred on our own part.

CATHOLIC. Catholice is commonly pronounced *Cal-kat-ee*, but those people in Bowdoinham who know best say that the correct pronunciation is *Cay-lace*, according to the second syllable.

OUR POPULAR NEWSPAPER. J. Frank Pierce is sending to any address per mail, some very neat little note paper. See his advertisement.

MEMORIAL DAY. This day, sacred to the memory of the heroes who laid down their lives for their country in the war of the rebellion, was appropriately observed in this city on Sunday afternoon last. An immense concourse of people assembled at Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, where a platform had been erected for the conveniences of the speakers. The arrangements were under the direction of the Capitol Guards, who marched in citizen's dress and without music to the cemetery with full ranks, each member of the company having in his hands wreaths and bouquets prepared and contributed by the ladies of the city for the decoration of the soldiers' graves. A delegation of wounded and invalid soldiers were also present from the Military Asylum, accompanied by the band connected with the institution, which furnished the instrumental music for the occasion. The choir of the several churches were also in attendance. On the arrival of the Capitol Guards upon the ground, the large assembly, whose honored and solemn demeanor gave evidence of their entire sympathy with the occasion, were addressed by the Hon. J. T. Woodward, the President of the day, who briefly stated the objects of the gathering and then announced the order of exercises. After the performance of a voluntary by the Band, prayer was offered by Rev. E. Martin, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Then followed singing by the choir and audience and fervid and eloquent address by Rev. C. F. Penney of the Free Baptist, Dr. J. B. Moore of the Whithorn Street Universalist church and Rev. M. J. Kelly, chaplain of the Military Asylum.

A book that will have great interest for members of all denominations of Christians, as being the personal history of one of the first of that great army of missionaries who have carried the good news of salvation to the farthest ends of the earth.

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It seems that preparations had been made for some time previous to the outbreak. Arms and other materials were consigned to points on the borders of Vermont and New York, and arrangements made for the simultaneous attack of men from various parts of the Northern States, and their concentration on the Canadian frontier. The men had evidently received some drill, as they fell in line and marched away from the railway stations in good order. The movement seemed to promise a good deal of trouble to Canada. At twelve o'clock on the 25th day of May, the Fenian "army," two hundred strong, started armed with revolvers, reached the Canadian line in the neighborhood of St. Albans. Gen. O'Neill was in command. This day was acting in command.

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Congressional Summary.

Forty-First Congress—Second Session.

Wednesday, May 12.
SENATE.—Mr. Chandler offered a bill, interesting the Committee on Commerce to inquire and report as to the most feasible mode of restoring foreign commerce to American vessels. It was laid on the table.

The Senate resumed the consideration of the bill to prohibit the importation of slaves.

The question of order by Mr. Seward, that it was not competent for the committee to add new matter to a section which had been agreed to by both Houses, was overruled after a full statement of the case by the chair.

The bill was passed by 46 to 11.

The legislative, judicial and executive appropriations bill was debated until noon.

House.—The House resumed the consideration of the bill to restore the navigation and commercial interests, and Mr. Farnsworth of Illinois introduced a bill to prohibit the entry of vessels of Pennsylvania and the west into Maine. While it was denied, the tax payers of the whole country. He would vote to admit the actual duties on ships used in ship building.

Mr. Lynch of Maine remonstrated that the committee had agreed to a substitute for the bill, and he offered it to the Senate as an amendment.

In the substitute offered by Mr. Lynch the preamble is the same as in the original bill, but the first section is modified as follows: That upon an imported lumber, hemp, and for every vessel of tonnage of one hundred tons or more, which may be used in the construction of steam or sail vessels built in the United States and furnished after the passage of this act, whether for hull, rigging, equipment or machinery of such vessels, shall be imposed a duty of \$100 per ton on the value of the timber, hemp, and equipment.

The first reading of the bill prohibiting the raising of two-year-old horses, discouraging that of three years old, and prescribing the penalties for besting, was overruled by a majority of 88.

May 25.—This is a prospect of a fresh trial of speed boats by Sappho and Cambria. It is reported on good authority that Douglas has made proposals to Ashbury for two races, as these terms: Yachts to sail sixty miles to windward and back, allowing time for maneuvering in the first race by the Royal Yacht Club, and the second by the Yorkshire Yacht Club sailing.

Mr. Schenck, who was cured of a chronic disease of 17 years standing.

VISITORS.—Mrs. Nellie M. Gage, the successful Natural Physician, who has recently returned from Europe, is shortly to return, having fully regained her health, which was seriously impaired when he left us, from owing in part to a most severe indisposition. Her visit will have an unparallel effect in treating disease in its primary stages. From the first of June she will be consulted at the Thessaly Hotel, Boston, and in her remarkable skill, we submit to those leaving letters from Mr. Gage, who was cured of a chronic disease of 17 years standing.

DR. GAGE COMING AGAIN.

Those suffering from any form of chronic disease, will be glad to learn that DR. GAGE, the successful Natural Physician, who has recently returned from Europe, is shortly to return, having fully regained her health, which was seriously impaired when he left us, from owing in part to a most severe indisposition. Her visit will have an unparallel effect in treating disease in its primary stages. From the first of June she will be consulted at the Thessaly Hotel, Boston, and in her remarkable skill, we submit to those leaving letters from Mr. Gage, who was cured of a chronic disease of 17 years standing.

DR. GAGE.—Dear Sir.—Since your treatise on my health has been good, and I think it is as good as it ever was in my life. If you come to Rockland, I think you will agree with me that it is a good place to live in. I hope you will get a good rest, having been so ill, but thank you very much for your kind words.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Poetry.

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

She'll sit beside the window,
The morn & shades gray;
And the bairns sleep soundly
From weariness.

But the poor are out and stirring
Along the denuded street;
And their little ones, though through the rain
With naked hands and feet.

You can hear their voices faintly
Against the winter east;
And their little ones weep from
A wild and painful past.

And their little hardened hearts
Are full of remorseless gladness,
To see their misery
It moves my heart to see.

For there is not a sight so painful
In the heart of man's grace,
As the little children of poverty
Upon an infant's face.

For it tells the whole sad story
Of a home without a sire,
And the little ones, too, of
Of a heart without a fire.

She'll sit beside the window,
With woe in her eyes;
Her little ones crept poor in drawing raise
A wild despairing shout.

And they strive to lit their children
About the fire-side;

Who, when can shot their eye against
The benighted stolid pite?

She'll sit and sigh, continued
Till the sun went down to earth;
To those who were so cold than us,
Fling dying on the land?

When their children cry with hunger,
She'll sit and sigh,

Will they cross the ocean of desolation
And be us to be kind?

Will they hunt us in our mansion?
They'll sit and sigh,

But they feel their courage fail to hunt
The poor man from his lair.

Oh, the light hearts, and the merry,
The bright eyes, the smile,

Till the poor child comes like Lazarus
And lays him at the gate!

On the good work all unite,
If our hands had sought the kindly poor,

And drawn them from their woe.

Our Story-Teller.

THE STORY OF THE SECOND MATE.

I do not remember when it was that the Second Mate first began to show his domineering disposition for the benefit of all passengers. It was Dick Halliday who called my attention to it, as a capital joke, while we were yet in the Mediterranean a fortnight or so after we had sailed from Leghorn. We two were leaning on the quarter-deck just before dusk, when Miss Mary sat on the quarter-deck "herding" the crew. Dick, "and pretty good too," said he, "is the mate's moth." In the course of the next five minutes Mr. Jones, our Second, lounged over from the opposite side of the deck, and entered into an animated conversation with the captain. They had been talking about the weather, and about the time I had been asked by the questions, which were put in such a clear, sweet voice, that the wind, lashed to the musical tones, indifferently carried them within our hearing. "He's a sort of death-head moth in point of beauty," continued my friend; "but he's neither quite nor old to suffer an uncomfor-table singing."

I had a half-formed idea that I rather liked the Second Mate, and a very certain conviction that I particularly admired him. As he always made a fool of himself or the girl appear in the indiscreet character of a coquette, Dick's moth and candle theory annoyed me. I therefore took the liberty of totally disbelieving it, and should have continued to do so had not the evidence gradually been forced upon me.

There was only one fault of the captain, Dick, Miss Ellie, her father and myself. Why we had taken passage from Leghorn to New York in a slow-sailing, marlin-laden ship instead of returning home by a quicker and more fashionable route, does not pertain to the captain's care. As far as I could see, Miss Ellie was naturally the chief object of interest to the captain. He was old, ill, and unable to play whist, and was consequently an extremely uninteresting fellow-passenger. Fortunately he had a wife, a close one, and was a very little of him. But his daughter was the brightest and most bewitching little woman that ever made a long sea-voyage not only endurable but delightful. She was twenty-five, as she frankly confessed, and spent her time in reading, writing, and in her invalid-father's society. She was never ill-tempered, never dull and disposed, and though frank and bright in manner, never transgressed the limits of maidenly propriety. She was quite aware of the fact that she was extremely pretty, and had an irrepressible desire toward instant flirtation. He had been a younger man, or had Dick not possessed a wife and a quantity of children at home, one of us would certainly have rehearsed the world old drama of idle love, with Mary Ellie in the leading female role, as the critic would say.

As far as Mr. Jones, he was the last man whom any one would have deemed capable of sentiment of any sort. He was old—for although he was only two years away from a wild old sailor, he had made no man other than him. He was thoroughly oiled, though it lacked the polished surface which is generally associated with that article in its manufactured state. His hair was grizzled and unkempt, and an ugly, darkish streak across his forehead—a mark of a despotic master with a mean, low-spirited crew—had added nothing to his beauty. Still, his eyes were clear and piercing, and his figure athletic and manly. I suppose there are women who might possibly have fallen in love with him. The Duchess Joubertine, for instance.

When one came to scrutinize Jones spiritual, as distinguished from Jones physical, it was still more difficult to understand how could have the amazing self-conceit to imagine that Miss Mary could regard him as anything but a mere old sailor. Jones was a bold, quick, skillful sailor; a man born to command the respect of humanity; that was all.

He was a total terror to the crew, and his want of knowledge of navigation made it impossible for him to rise above a subordinate station in his profession. His conversation had a certain spice of shrewdness, and homely good sense, but was perfectly deficient of wit. He was very fond of his wife. His code of morality was surely comprehendible in his value; never to be drunk at sea, and always to obey orders. This was certainly a pretty sort of point to take, a fancy to a refined and delicate girl. To do his justice, he was brave and manly in his station; but what right had he to her? Except from an infinite distance, of course.

Mary Ellie was being amused, but it had not made me indignant, to note how the man watched her appearance. At every step that sounded from the companion-way he would turn, with a look of expectation in his face, that the dullest witness could not fail to notice. When he did, I was compelled to contrive to carefully approach her and would never be absent from her side, except for a few moments at a time, while the two were on deck. He was perfectly bringing matters for her to rest upon, and she was very fond of him. I have seen him try to keep a sailor in the iron chain for hours at the time, catching hoisting of seals and stray jelly-fish for his amusement. What was more creditable to him, he never abused the men in her presence, and rarely sent a sharp rebuke to her. Hearing, Mary, that the warning touch of her hand upon his arm he dropped his raised hand and suppressed the half-uttered oath about to be launched at some unhappy fellow who had committed an unusually irritating offense against the laws of good seamanship.

He was a total terror to the children, and his want of knowledge of navigation made it impossible for him to rise above a subordinate station in his profession. His conversation had a certain spice of shrewdness, and homely good sense, but was perfectly deficient of wit. He was very fond of his wife. His code of morality was surely comprehendible in his value; never to be drunk at sea, and always to obey orders. This was certainly a pretty sort of point to take, a fancy to a refined and delicate girl. To do his justice, he was brave and manly in his station; but what right had he to her? Except from an infinite distance, of course.

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